

# SCANDAL TOIKE

## BLACK TUESDAY

### ENGINEERING MORALS CRASH THROUGH FLOOR

WORST LOW SINCE THE SCKING OF ROME

Ethics professors are predicting one of the worst moral bankruptcies of this century after the unforgivable "Rubber Doll" incident. The problem all started on Tuesday September 8, 1987, a day that will live in infamy (or at least as long as the Varsity can get headline mileage out of it). Some of the details of this horrible tragedy are still unclear but the Toike's Morality Editor (yes, we do have one) has tried to piece them together as they happened on that fateful floshful day.

It all started like any other Orientation, and why shouldn't it? I mean it was like any other Orientation. I mean if it had been Homecumming or Godiva Week it would have started differently. But, it was orientation so it started like Orientation (but I digress).

It all started like any other Orientation. It was fun, wholesome, rated G, and none of the Flosh were being abused beyond the limits of OHIP medical coverage. But this Orientation was not destined to be like any other. It was headed on a self-destructive course pre-ordained by the great forces that control and oversee the Harmony of the Spheres and the Transcendental Peace of the known Universe". Yes, the Engineers were about to meet their destiny in the form of a 5'5"

mixture of polypropylene and hot air (no, it's not Ellen Ladowsky).

What happened at this point is not entirely clear, but with the help of the Varsity and a team of fiction writers we were able to reconstruct the incident in its complete form. It seems that several members of the Hazing Committee appeared on the scene with a pair of male and female (anatomically correct, right down to the sagittal crest on the male doll). Several of these committee members started forcing various Flosh to perform a variety of acts with the two dolls.

These acts were both objectionable and obscene (aren't they the same thing) and were witnessed by many people. Estimates of the number of witnesses range from several people to a few hundred thousand and the various accounts differ quite markedly, but one thing that they all agree on is that a crime of dastardly proportions was committed that day.

The witnesses all confirmed that the Flosh were first forced to bend down over each doll and "ask it for a problem set" (a phrase commonly used in Eng Sci). The Flosh were then forced to break dance on top of the doll and then to hold the doll in an unacceptable position while quaffing a beer and Perrier water.

As a final humiliation each Flosh was required to try and stuff the doll into his mouth while reciting the Prologue from the Canterbury Tales.

Throughout these acts the group/gang of upperclassmen kept up a rousing and boisterous display of noise, spirit, and spirits. Witnesses agreed that there were at least two, but no more than 500,000 upperclassmen standing around each doll. Mrs. Iva Odor, a bystander who was crawling out of a nearby sewer, told us that the scene was truly horrific.

"I saw at least 5000 Engineering Students gang raping a rubber doll", she said. When told that there were only 2500 students in disbelief it was

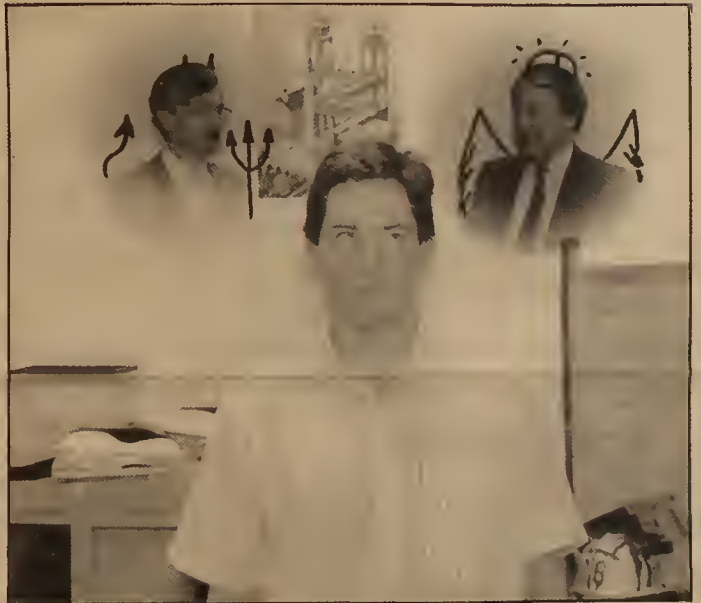
Engineering she replied "Well, they must have bussed them in from other universities."

Mr. A. B. Normal, an out-patient and soft drink dispensing machine at the Clarke Institute, told us, "After they finished ranting and cheering they did a kind of victory dance reminiscent of an orgy scene from a Cecil B. DeMille Biblical Epic and then the whole thing reached proportions far beyond my small ability to describe or make-up."

The eye-witness accounts carry on in this fashion, page after page, like a black record from the testimonies of Hell (there goes that Varsity style again). With so many credible people standing about in sheer

inevitable that someone would call the Police and, in fact, someone did.

Shortly after 2:52 PM, Greenwich Mean Time the OPP Morality Squad was called. The squad reacted with lightning efficiency and immediately called the Campus Police (M.I.C.E.). At precisely 6:48 AM, Yukon Standard Time, the Campus Police arrived on the scene and immediately confiscated the doll that looked more fun. The police informed the Eng Soc that the doll had been seized for further investigation and it was taken to the police station where it remained for several days until it was sent on to the OPP Forensic Labs for further testing.



ENGSOCPREZ WAYNE MCPHEE LOOKS TO HIS DEANS FOR ADVICE

CONT. ON PAGE 3



# LETTERS

## CLASSIFIED ADS

## GENERAL BITCHING

## THE EDITUR--TOIKE OIKE

10 KINGS COLLEGE ROAD  
SANFORD FLEMING BUILDING  
ROOM B670  
TORONTO M5S 1A1

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## EDITORIAL

Well folks, here we go with my first T'ike. It's less than 24 hours from press time and you'd think that this paper would be going through it's final check. So did I. Ha! So far I've got three pages layed out --sort of-- and I'm still missing two major articles. Am I panicking? No. Why not? I have no idea. I guess that I just have this inner peace with myself. It must have been all that Iced Tea that I drank ( Hey Chip, what do they stick in that stuff? ).

Who the hell invented the Mac? He should be shot. I went to get a few articles laser printed and the guy at the place told me that my disk was no good. Whoever invented this silly piece of machinery should have at least made it so its disks can be used anywhere. Anyways, there I was with about ten hours

worth of my own computing time and this man is telling me that my disk is no good. I nearly started crying. Then he tells me that he could try a disk retrieval for me. Where was he going to retrieve it from? I had it in my hand. He explained that what he meant was that he would try to get my files back using his Mac and that it would cost me at least ten dollars. Now I new what was going on. It was a plot by that Republican Mac inventor to get more money out of us poor Mac addicts. I felt like sending that guy up to Mac heaven. But, since I knew that all of you faithful T'ike readers out there (all 16,000 of you) have been waiting for this T'ike, and I also knew that I couldn't publish this great piece of literary genius from a jail cell, I didn't.

I think that some of you may notice a change in this T'ike from some previous issues. In this issue we have diligently tried to prevent any crude material from being printed. We had no choice, my mother wanted to read this issue of the T'ike. This presented us, the T'ike writers, with our most difficult task to date. Can we be funny without offending anyone? No, that is impossible. But we tried our damn'dess to be funny without being to crude. You know what, I think that we succeeded. Of course I can't be totally sure of this since I am still waiting for two more articles. The only reason this editorial is being written now is that I'm hoping that the person who was supposed to write them for me shows up soon.

As mentioned above

while we didn't try to offend anyone on purpose (except Vic students) we probably have. But do you know what? I'm not going to apologise for it. If you don't like the paper you don't have to pick it up. You knew the reputation that the T'ike has. So if you were offended please put the paper down so that somebody else can pick it up and read it. We're always running out of these silly things. I guess that you, the student body at UfT, appreciate the literary masterliece that the T'ike is more than you enjoy those other seedy papers at UfT.

So once again: **IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE PAPER, DON'T PICK IT UP.**

Well I think that I'll head on over to the laser printing place again to get some more articles printed. Wish me luck.

R.D.

## LETTERS

Dear Woman's Centre

We haven't recieved that time of the month yet and frankly we're worried.

Women in Engineering

Dear Women

Recent study has shown that there are actually no women engineers. You are actually a man's brain trapped inside a woman's body. So therefore you couldn't have written this letter since you do not actually exist. So keep your letters out of this literary masterpiece of a newspaper.

Dear Mr. Mulroney:

I was wondering if you would mind donating a portion of your chin to our chin transplant unit at Chicago General Hospital. We have many needy patients without chins who would be honored to have but a small portion of yours clefted to their meagers jaws. Even the smallest donation from you would benefit at least a dozen of our patients.

Thank you for your time.  
(and maybe your chin)

Dr. Blade  
Chief of Surgery  
Chicago General

Dear Blade

You certainly are a cut-up. You obviously have mistaken this place of humour with that other place of jokers up in Ottawa. Good luck in your quest for transplant material. Remember, keep your chin up!



WHAT WERE THEY DOING UNDER ST. GEORGE STREET THIS SUMMER?

Deciding to investigate further, we all fell into the hole. Luckily we all landed on something soft. I think it was Hoppers' head. Rising to my feet, I banged my head on the floor (I never was very good at directions). Stumbling around in the dark I fell against the side of the hole. Suddenly, the wall

Peering around the room some-more we noticed a large number of pamphlets with the Women's Centre logo on them.

Well folks, there you have it. The TIT has once again exposed the wrongdoings going on down here at UFT.

amazed to come across a copy of a document which until now had been known only in legend; the Varsity Code of Ethics. The document was in excellent condition as it appears never to have been used and historians are already able to piece together a picture of a golden age of responsible journalism that may have existed more than 80 years ago. The document is considered the most important find since SAC found the War Room door.

### Independence and Conflict of Interest

VARSIY PUBLICATIONS CODE OF JOURNALISTIC

Varsity Publications shall keep  
faith with its readers by continuing to

Fairness demands that inaccurate or misleading public statements be placed in factual perspective.

the costs incurred in the gathering and publication of source material.

\* Staff members will always make senior editors aware of any potential conflict of interest they might have, and Staff members will

CONT. FROM PAGE 1

One keener was heard to complain, "They won't let me use the photocopier at the Roberts and all the Eng

Throughout Engineering, students are turning to public penance.

It was hoped that Simcoe Hall could propose a way to deal with the issue, but nobody of importance could be found. When we attempted to find President Connell we found that he had hidden out in his newly completed political fallout shelter. Lois Reimer might have been a

With some agreements being reached it is possible that this incident will be fading from the front pages. But the trauma it has caused will remain engraved in Engineering for many centuries to come. In looking back, we can only ask ourselves three questions. How was this allowed to happen? How can we prevent it in the future? If it happens

The "Varsity"  
Writer's Tip of the Week:  
When in doubt use  
"several", when in great  
doubt use "various", when  
in extreme doubt write a  
three part series.



Gumby

The investigative staff of the T\*ike have uncovered yet another scandal. It seems that Gumby, the head of the Gumby Party has fallen into a state of disreputable behavior. In news that has shocked the major leedurs of the world, the T\*ike staff of highly respected roving reporters, has discovered hard evidence as to the type of lifestyle that the head of what used to be the most popular political party in the world has been leading these past years.

Gumby first came to power ten years ago in an election sweep that rocked the world. The relatively unknown Gumby collected 83.2% of the popular vote while wining every seat in the SAC student elections. His right hand man (pony?), Pokey, was always at his side (Maybe that's why he was called 'his right hand man'? ). Gumby ruled without opposition until two years ago when he began losing his popularity. By the next year he lost the election to the Blockhead party lead by the Chief Blockhead.

In an anonymous letter received by the T\*ike staff three weeks ago, we were informed that Gumby has been leading a life of sin. We were all very shocked by these alegations and immediately set about trying to disprove them. In the course of our investigation we discovered the photographs that accompany this article. They show how Gumby has become two dimensional in his character and how his lifestyle has taken a turn for the worse. They show him in the worst possible light

(Maybe they didn't have a flash on the camera). They demonstrate the decadent life that Gumby is now leading. How he is dependent upon controlled substances and the fact that even though he is no longer in power, he is still rolling in the cold, hard cash.

Stunned, but still determined to show that our beloved Gumby couldn't possibly have sunk to such a low level the T\*ike Investigative Team (TIT) decided to probe a little deeper. To our horror we discovered that Gumby has had affiliations with Jim and Tammy Baker. Now even the TIT had to admit to the awful truth. Even the least bit of association with Jim and Tammy would lead anyone to a dependence upon controlled substances. Apparantly Gumby was in their presence for more than ten minutes. This is evident by the fact that Gumby is pictured as being used to the lifestyle of the rich and infamous, who are known to enjoy a dip in their money pools every now and again.

We at TIT decided to 'phone the Gumby party headquarters and confront them with the evidence we had. When we asked the secretary if we could speak to Gumby, he replied that Gumby was off on a sabbatical and that Pokey had taken over the party

# GUMBY-

## T\*IKE INVESTIGATIVE TEAM

### UNCOVERS PLOT TO

#### GUMBY PARTY

Special to the T



Gumby Over Run!



Rolling



The Carefree Days



# -GATE!

## GATIVE TEAM

## TO OVERTHROW

## PARTY!!

he T\*ike



ing in the Cash

in the interim. This statement confirmed our worst suspicions.

While most of us on the TIT were now convinced that Gumby had taken a turn for the worse, one of us, Franca da Butch, remained skeptical. She steadfastly stuck by Gumby, maintaining his innocence. She always was sort of rebellious. Butch and her counterpart Spike continued the investigation while the rest of us on the TIT went out for a glass of Iced Tea.

Butch and Spike were taking a closer look at the photographs when Spike looked up from where she was doing her nails and noticed the words 'PRINTED AT DA BLOCKHEADS FACTORY' written on the back of each one. When she informed Butch of this, Butch asked Spike what it could possibly mean.

"It means that the pictures are fakes you fool," replied Spike. "Boy are you stupid. Do you go to York or something?"

Butch and Spike decided to head over to the Blockheads factory to see if they could find out anything. When they got there they overheard the Chief Blockhead conversing with one of the Heads. "So, ya think that dose fools with TIT bought our letter an da doctored photos?"

"Duh, sure dey did boss. They're pretty stoopid over dere at da TIT."

"Dat's whut ju tink . . . oops! Uh, that's what you think," exclaimed Spike as she burst into the room waving her trusty tape recorder in front of her. "See," she said turning to Butch, "I knew that I wouldn't only use it for recording lectures." (ed's note. See, not all T\*ike staff are Engineers.)

"Oh no boss, dey got us on tape."

"Come on, confess, it's all over now," said Butch flashing her TIT . . . badge at him.

"Okay, ju caught us," admitted the Chief Blockhead. "I admit we was trying ta discredit da Gumby Party so dat dey couldn't make a comeback in the next election. We paid Jim an Tammy ta invite Gumby over for an Iced Tea. Dose two'll do anything for a

buck. Hey, did'ja like the great work we did in doctoring dose photos?"

"Very impressive," replied Spike.

"Whut gave us away?"

"You printed them on Blockhead paper."

When Butch and Spike returned to the TIT headquarters (actually, it's more like a broom closet) and informed the rest of the team of their findings, they were all estatic. TIT leadur Pea Nut immediately took full credit for the clearing of Gumby's name. The TIT still couldn't answer one question. Why was Gumby on sabbatical and why was Pokey in charge of the Gumby Party?

"That's simple," said Spike. "Gumby is off preparing for his comeback in the next Student Government for a Day election.

So if you want to see Gumby rise back to power you can do your part by casting a vote for the Gumby Party in the upcoming election.

Once again never underestimate the power of a TIT.



LEFT: Gumby high on Pot.

BOTTOM LEFT: Gumby Suffering from Coke Addiction.

BELOW: The incriminating evidence against the Blockheads



PRINTED AT DA BLDCKHEAD'S FACTORY

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# RAMP DESIGN COMPETITION HELD BY TOIKE

With the recent tragedy of the "Rubber Doll" incident persistent cries have wrung out from various groups calling for the Engineers to be punished or to make amends. Among the proposals for this is the suggestion that the Engineers build a wheelchair access ramp for the Women's Centre. This idea seemed to present the Engineers with a possible way out of their dilemma. Already a number of ramp designs have come in. This article reviews some of the more promising ones.

1)The Optimum Velocity Ramp: This ramp was designed by the Industrial Engineers and stresses the importance of optimizing controlled variables in any problem. As can be seen in diagram one, the wheelchair's velocity must fall into a certain range or a price will be paid. This encourages wheelchair users to practice more control and those who survive will come to be better masters of their movement.

2)Civil Ramp: This design is particularly good in that it kills two birds with one stone. As well as allowing a wide entry for many wheelchairs it also anticipates the inevitable construction of the Spadina Expressway.

3)Electrical Ramp: The

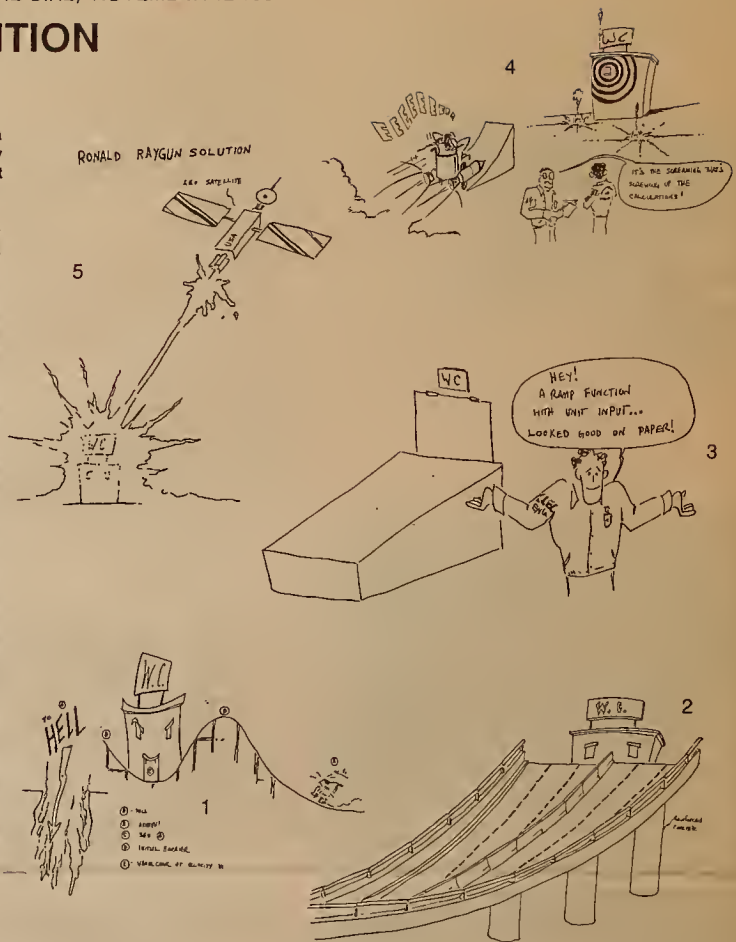
Electrical ramp is based on a popular control theory problem but it really isn't good for much.

4)Aerospace Solution: The Aerospace ramp presents a unique and clever solution. It is perhaps one of the most efficient ways of helping handicapped people into the Women's Centre and the success rate is almost 63%.

5)Subversive Neo-Fascist Ramp: This ramp really isn't a ramp at all but a technico-political solution to Women's Centre access in general. Although quite spectacular it is not considered as being very practical (until the 1990's).

Other solutions include the Quantum Physics Potential Well Ramp and the SAC Solution of raising all existing land and roads by three feet.

With the Engineers hard at work a design should be chosen any time and construction will be able to begin. It is hoped that this project will provide an important boost to Engineering morale and by all estimates it looks as if it will.



## NOTICES

General Council meeting  
Tues. Nov. 24, 1987  
in SF1013

Any Engineer can vote at  
this meeting  
Free coffee and Donuts

GUMBY PARTY MEETING  
Thurs. Nov. 19, 1987  
in GB 202  
ALL WELCOME

TOIKE MAKE-UP  
TUES NOV. 17, 1987  
IN ENGCOM SFB670  
FREE BEER AND PIZZA

## GARAGE-GATE

TRUE USE OF TRIN GARAGE DISCOVERED BY TOIKE STAFF

It has been discovered that the building of what was supposedly a new parking garage at Trinity College is only cover for more extensive construction. The truckloads of dirt leaving Trinity daily and the amounts of concrete and lead being delivered to the College attest to the construction of a nuclear fallout shelter at a depth of 120 metres below ground. This shelter is being funded by President Connell and the Provost of Trinity College, both of whom will retreat into it when World War Three begins. They will be accompanied by 100 carefully chosen Trinity students.

Rumour also has it that Pres. Connell and guests will use the shelter as a cocktail room. We at the toike have no idea as to what those poor cocks are going to do without their tails. We also wonder whether or not the animal rights activists (why not left? ed.) have been informed as to these planned activities. Let's all see some minority groups on campus to stop bellyaching and get out there and support these

poor little tailless cocks.

To provide food supplies for these wild cocktail parties out in the shelter, an east entrance to the College has been added. This allows the Provost's wife to drive her armoured car full of Quiche and non-alcoholic beer past the dangers of Devonshire and directly into the shelter. Judging by the vast amounts of supplies entering the shelter either a whole series of parties are coming up or nuclear holocaust is almost upon us. With the latter in mind, a recruitment program has been instituted in Trinity to find 100 students who will perpetuate the human species. Despite the extensive facilities in the shelter, including a complete wardrobe of Hot Pink leotards, mirrored walls and ceilings, a full size doll house, a complete library of Fourteenth-Century literature and a Roots outlet, the program has failed to unearth a single student who is interested or capable of performing as required. It is a sad day for the human race.



## NUMBER-GATE

TOIKE DISCOVERS NUMBERS RACKET ON UFT CAMPUS

Have you read a UFT newspaper lately? Have you noticed anything strange? We at the T'ike sure have. There seems to be an epidemic of "numerical ambiguity" in some of UFT's seedier publications. For example, "... a group of Engineers...", "... a crowd gathered..." . What's a group? What's a crowd? Does one have more than the other? How do you decide which word to use? And how many are in a group anyways?

To find out how these writers decide which word to use, our research staff spent an exhausting five minutes studying the "Collection of University Newspaper Theorems". We would have liked to spend more time reviewing this masterpiece, but some jerk who will remain nameless (Anthony) spilled his Iced Tea all over it. Our research led to the discovery that newswriters' selection of numerical terminology is governed by the formula  $A=1/K$ , where A (the ambiguity of the word used to describe the number of people at an event) varies inversely with the writer's knowledge of the event. At the Varg, the value of A has taken on some very high values.

Now that we know how the phrases were chosen, we wanted some actual definitions as to what numbers they actually represented. Since our only copy of the CoUNT's was drenched in Iced Tea we consulted the 69th edition of the Oikesford English Dictionary. The definitions are presented herein so that next time you can understand what those knobs are really saying:

**COUPLE-** word used to downplay the number of people involved in some objectional activity.  
e.g. "...a couple of people ruined it for everybody...". Despite what you read, 'couple' has and always will mean two people.

**FEW-** used in combination with 'couple' to make writers look like they know what their talking about. e.g. " A few people actually passed their JFM midterm. "

**GROUP-** much maligned word.

Often used to describe from three to 800 people. A group is really six to 30 people. Thus " A large group attended this year's Homecoming game is a correct sentence.

**BUNCH-** incorrectly used by writers-- may only be used to describe a collection of fruits. Thus bunch can only correctly be used to describe VIC students.

**CROWD-** more than 30 people.... what? Do you need an example?

**MANY-** used to exaggerate the number of people involved. e.g. "...many passerbies were appalled at the display...", implies that almost everyone was appalled but really means that only 25% actually knew that something was happening and the rest were probably Varshitty readers.

**MAJORITY-** despite what the editors of the more seedier newspapers on UFT's campus would have you believe, 'majority' means more than 50%. i.e. 50.00000000000001%. Therefore, "...a majority of campus groups are protesting..." means that only one half care and the other half are too busy filing their nails.

# CLASS OF '87



# OUR BEER AROUND HERE



# Joikes



How can you recognize a Swedish baby born nine months after the Chernobyl disaster? Look for the blonde eyes and blue hair.

Did you hear that General Motors is doing its part to help the survivors of the Chernobyl catastrophe? They're hiring them as headlights on their new 1988 models.

Did you hear about the two jocks that drowned in the back of a pickup truck when it went off the road and into the river? They couldn't get the tailgate open.

If you were comparing two pairs of contact lenses, how would you know which one's belonged to the Yuppie? They would have monograms in the corners.

Did you hear about the Vic student that was so stupid that the other Vic students noticed.

A wimpy EngSci was on his way to the annual meetin' of keeners anonymous in Ottawa, and on the train he happened to be seated next to a gorgeous woman. Mustering all of his courage, he asked what perfume she was wearing.

"Channel Number Five," was the frosty response. "It costs thirty dollars a bottle."

Later in the trip the unfortunate EngSci had a bad attack of gas, and was forced to cut an SBD (Silent but Deadly). The woman looked over and asked what he had on.

"Kidney beans," he answered. "Thirty-nine cents a can."

What do the Indianapolis Colts and Billy Graham have in common?

Both can make 20,000 people stand up and yell, "JESUS CHRIST!"

Three Uft pals were walking down the boardwalk when they came across a gorgeous girl in a string bikini. Two of the guys let out wolf whistles and stared their eyes out, but the third, who happened to be a St. Mike's student, took to his heels in the opposite direction.

A few days later all three were walking down the boardwalk again and came across the same girl, this time wearing nothing but the bikini bottom. And again, two of the guys went ape while the St. Mike's student ran for his life.

So when the guys saw the girl a third time--this time she was stark naked--two of them grabbed the St. Mike's guy before he could get away. Shaking him by the shoulders, they shouted, "Why're you running away from a gorgeous sight like that, you jerk?"

Trembling, the St. Mike's student blurted, "See, it's like this. My mother told me that if I ever looked at a naked woman I'd turn to stone....and I felt something getting hard."

What do Michael Jackson and the Detroit Tigers have in common?

Both wear one glove for no apparant reason.

How do you make a Venitian blind?

Poke him in the eye.

What should you look for when buying a one tonne canary?

A psychiatrist.

How can you tell if there's an elephant under your bed?

Your nose is touching the ceiling.

What's the result of a bomb blast in the middle of a herd of cows?

Udder destruction.

How do you get down from an elephant?

You don't. You get down from a goose.

It was just before a critical offensive, and the American troops were being issued their weapons. Smith was last in line, and they handed out the last rifle to the man in front of him. Furious Smith shouted, "Hey, where's my gun?"

"Listen, bud," advised the munitions ocifer, "just keep your hands out in front of you as though you were holding one, and yell, 'Bang! Bang!'"

"You gotta be joking," blustered Smith. "You must be trying to get me killed!"

"Trust me," said the ocifer with a reassuring pat on the shoulder.

Pretty soon Smith found himself in the thick of the battle with a Russian infantryman advancing on him. Having little choice, he raised his hands, pointed them at the Russian soldier, and yelled, "Bang! Bang!" The Russian fell over, stone dead. This worked on about twenty Russians. Fired with confidence, Smith returned to the munitions ocifer and asked about a bayonet.

"Oh, we're all out," said the ocifer apologetically, "but if you just point your index finger at him and yell 'Stab! Stab!' you'll get excellent results."

Out went Smith into battle again, and soon he surrounded by heaps of dead Russian soldiers. In fact, he thought that he had wiped out the entire platoon, and was just taking a breather when he saw a giant Russian coming towards him. Strutting forward, Smith shouted, "Bang! Bang!"

The Russian kept on coming.

"Stab! Stab!" cried Smith.

The Russian kept on coming, right over Smith, crushing him to a pulp. The last thing the unfortunate American heard was the Russian muttering, "Tank, tank, . . ."

Did you hear what SAC president Ellen Ladowsky said she would do if put in charge of Red China?

"Put it on a purple table cloth."

A couple of truck drivers met at a diner on an interstate. "Yo, Jack," said the one to the other, "I haven't seen you in months. How're you doing? Getting any on the side?"

Jack sighed wearily and said, "I haven't had any in so long that that I didn't even know they'd moved it."

If you're a Canadian when you go into the bathroom and you're a Canadian when you come out, What are you while you're in the bathroom? European.

Of course everybody has heard about the scholarship started by Michael Jackson and Richard Pryor called the Ignited Negro College Fund.

What did the Italian say When asked why he called his boat "A.M.B.?"

"Because, 'Atsa My Boat!'"

Hear about the Indian who drank four gallons of tea?

He was found dead the next morning in his teepee.

What does it mean to go on the Scarsdale diet?

You shoot your doctor and spend the rest of your life eating bread and water.

What's six inches long that every woman loves?

Folding money.

Two old men meet while tottering around the park on their morning constitutional. "Irving, how are you?" asks one, patting his friend on the arm.

"Terrible, terrible," mutters Irving. "Memories going. For instance, I can't remember wether it was you or your brother that died."